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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.
VOLUME VIII. MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, APRIL 24, 1879. NUMBER 17.

POETRY.

ALONG THE SHORE.

Sail on, sail on, ye vessels great and small,
Cut the proud waves, and track the waters o'er,
Find paths and ports, while we along the shore
Shall watch your course till distance sink you all.
And make of mast and prow and pictured sail
A vanished vision or a speck in space;
So haply shall ye greet some other race,
If but Septentrion push you with his gale.
Our fond favonins' prosperons breezes blow,
Our fate is bound—bound to the inclement deep,
Ours to the land, and waits the easter flow
Of Time, that brings us all unto one port,
Where, safely anchored, sea and shore shall sleep
No more of fortune or of fate the sport.
—Harper's Magazine.

STORY TELLER.

WHY I DID NOT GO.

[CONCLUDED.]

Sometimes they tried cleverly to get
rid of one another. Sometimes they
tried rivaling each other with stories
for my amusement. I saw each watch
ing to surmise signs of the impression
produced by his own story or the story
of the other. The captain's sea sto
ries were capital. Joe's were less new,
but more full of interest to me, for
they told of his adventures and es
capes when serving in the war.

Gradually a group of passengers
gathered around us. Their presence
seemed to animate the sailor. Joe
drew out of the talk, and, as the other
was thrown off his guard in the crisis
of some stirring scene he was describ
ing to his auditors, Joe whispered in
my ear:

"Clara, how long is this to last? You
are always the same Clara; as sweet,
as bright, as lovely and as dear as the
Clara that I loved before the war—al
most before I had grown to manhood;
and the same Clara, too, in loving and
accepting every kind of admiration,
and in driving me almost to do what I
did once before."

"Oh, Joe! I said.
"Could any one reproach me with
seeking admiration, when no one had
admired me for sixteen years? And
yet how could I tell my lover so."

"Oh, Joe, you little know," I said;
but did not tell him what he little
knew.

"Clara, you little know," said he.
"Know what?" I said.
"The misery I suffered sixteen years
ago."

"You were perhaps—don't like to
say what, Joe."

"What was I, love?"
"A goose, both then and now," I
said, defying the rules of gender.

"Oh, Clara," seizing the fingers I
put up behind my head to fix my hat
straight, "say you care for me?"

"Not in a crowd like this. We might
be overheard," I said.

"But what are you going to do about
this one?" whispered he, pointing to
the captain.

"He doesn't matter. He cannot
really care for a woman he has only
known two or three hours," I replied.

"He can, though, if she's you," re
plied Joe, infatuated. "After a pause
he added: 'You don't know sailors.
Besides, the poor man's fatherhood is
all on the side of his new passion. He
hopes you will be the kind mother he
wants for that poor little miserable
baby in your arms.'"

"She may be handsome yet," I said.
"But now, Joe, go away. I want to
think. Yet stay one minute longer.
Do you know how poor I am? I have
only just enough in my purse to go to
the Centennial—the lost carpet bag
contains all my stock of clothes."

"At this moment my other hand was
seized on the front side of the seat.
Captain Bernard had come to a pause
in his narrative, and my last words
caught his ear.

"My dear young lady, did I hear
you say you were not well off?" he said,
stooping down over his little girl, so
that his words breathed close to me.

"I said, 'I cannot talk about my
self.'"

"I said, 'See how many persons
your very amusing narratives have
drawn around us. Suppose you leave
me to repose now, for a while. And
that my old friend, Mr. Mitchell, should
go away. I will take good care of little
Fanny. It is more than to-morrow
morning.'"

"So dismissed, my lovers went to
gether—to their fate! As I knew af
terwards, poor Captain Bernard kept
Joe talking a long time about me and
my family, our losses by the war, Ben's
prospects in Brazil, and so on. Joe
tried not to talk, but the captain would
ask questions and expect him to
answer them.

Very soon the train began slowly to
move on. The lights were lowered.
Some unfortunately went out, having
burnt up their oil. It was dim dark
ness, or dark dimness, in the car; thick
mist and rain outside of it. I leaned
back, thinking, and pressed Fanny's
little head closer to my bosom. Had
I done right? Had I not been too
much like that girl who had no sooner
left the car than I, as it were, took up
her line of business. Had I not been
nine hours engaged in serious flirting?
Was such flirting wrong? It must be,

for it lost me Joe fully sixteen years
ago. But then, was it my fault that
Captain Bernard had begun to be at
tentive to me? Of course it was most
wicked in excess, like dancing, cards,
or drinking. But was it necessary to
make vows of total abstinence against
it? If so, why was a little coquetry a
female charm? Why was a love of
pleasing men, and seeing what would
come of it, implanted in our bosoms?
But oh, had I not been a silly fool to
think such nonsense at my time of life,
and after my sad experience? No, no,
I wasn't old. Joe Mitchell loved me!

At that moment a quick jerk and a
tremor ran all through the train. The
car gave three short leaps, then swayed
from side to side. Those who were
sleeping, half formed groan ran through
the car. Before a word was spoken it
had gone over. Passengers, seats,
bags, lamps and scattered parcels came
sliding to the side in which I was sit
ting. The shock was not violent, but
it seemed instantaneous. That is, there
was no time to think anything was
taking place, before we found ourselves
all in a heap down somewhere.

As we went down, I heard a prayer
breathed forth for life and safety. As
it arose to Heaven, its answer may
have been a command to our protect
ing angel to fly swiftly.

I had fallen under a great pile of
passengers, all struggling to regain
their feet at once, with nothing to fetch
upon. Fanny was in my arms, and
we were saved from being crushed by
the back of one of the seats, which in
some way had fallen so as to keep hard
pressure off of me; but to the latest
hour of my life I shall have shuddering
recollections of the struggling, smother
ing, warmth and softness of the hu
man mass above me. The seat had
caught my clothes and I was pinned
down closely. I thought for a mo
ment of a horrible penny-a-line de
scription I had read of a lady so pinned
down, and slowly—well! I cannot tell
the horror here, and that moment the
remembrance of that miserable report
er's highfalutin trash was agony.

I struggled to rise. I called out,
"for the child's sake," not to tread on
me. Our whereabouts were indicated
by poor little Fanny's cries. In a few
minutes more I had gained my feet
and trod—on what? At every step my
feet went through strange holes and
splashed in water. In a few moments
I discovered I was walking on the
window frames. Nearly all the glass
had run up, as the car went down roof
foremost, and there was very little in
jury by glass, none by the lamps, for
some one sized and flung them through
some aperture. We were therefore in
the dark, but not for long. In another
moment one of the cars—a post of
fice car, containing a large southern
mail—burst into a flaming fire.

There were no shrieks; a sort of
awe and horror took possession of the
passengers. Some of the men scram
bled outside the car. I saw the bride's
feet twiddle in the air as her husband
and some of the other men drew her
up, and passed her through a window.

Just then a fireman, I think, touch
ed me on the shoulder, and pointing
to the car door, lifted from the outside
like a box lid. I made for it, and
heard the bride murmuring about her
missing pocket handkerchief and a
part of a gold ear-ring.

Little Fanny and I, after I had leaped
over a chasm of broken car, with
water at the bottom, were drawn out
under the door, and set down upon a
bank of mud and water. We had fallen
thirty feet down an embankment,
which skirted the margin of a river.
Before we lay a wrecked, smoking car
and the post-office car on fire.

The engine, tender and baggage car
were still upon the track. A broken
rail had thrown off the last three cars.
The engineer's presence of mind and
the Westinghouse brakes had saved us.
Each car had gone down uncoupled—
"on its own hook." No car had fallen
on another. The passenger car had
slid down the steep, slippery embank
ment on its side, almost as smoothly
as if it had been a boy's sled in winter
time.

Some faces were much cut, some fin
gers mashed, one arm was out of joint,
the rest of us were safe, but oh, those
in the other cars—were they safe also?

The post-office car sent fiery flakes of
blazing paper, like a snow storm made
of flames, all around and over us.

"Give thanks to God that you are
safe, lady, and come away," said the
fireman.

"Oh, see, that is the mail," he added
in a tone of voice full of professional
feeling. Was he not trained to give
his life to protect if possible our often
foolish lives?

"But where," I cried, "where is the
baggage master?"

"Your baggage, lady, is all safe."

"Oh, yes, it is only a blue carpet-bag
with brown flowers; but the baggage
master?"

At that moment some of those on
the embankment, let down a long
Scotch plaid, calling me to catch hold
of it and be drawn up to the railroad.
I shook my head, and only cried in my
bewilderment:

"I must find the baggage master."
The exclamation seemed so natural
for any foolish woman, anxious about
her baggage, that nobody took any
more notice of it or me.

I went on past the red glare of the
burning mail car, with all its money,
hopes, love, foolishness, now turning
to ashes, out of which would rise some
life-long griefs no doubt, and cruel
misunderstandings. By its glare I
caught sight of something they were
taking from the smoking car. Two
bodies! my two lovers!

"Are they dead? Oh, are they dead?"
I shrieked, as I rushed forward.

"She has the old man's child in her
arms. Let her come to him. I think
she belongs to him," said a bystander.

Were they both dead? They lay
there side by side. My Joe was not
disfigured much, but how shall I ever
forget the other? His head had been
crushed and one arm had been torn
off. But he spoke and was sensible.

Joe was not. He lay motionless and
inanimate.

"Internal injury," said one of the
men. "Poor fellow."

In a wild agony of self-sacrificing
remorse I turned aside from Joe. I
should mourn him, honor him, and
leave him to his life, but now there was
this other dying man, whom I had
wronged, perhaps, by my light ways.
I might support him through the Val
ley of the Shadow of Death, and be a
comfort to him. His eyes were eager
ly watching me. His remaining hand
pressed mine, as I held poor little Fan
ny to receive his dying kiss and bless
ing. Then he said, "kiss me." I
stooped and kissed his forehead.

"Is there a justice of the peace pres
ent?" he said, in a stronger voice than
seemed possible.

"Yes, sir, I am a justice of the peace
in this State," said one of the men
around him.

"Hear me say, then," said the dying
man, "for I cannot make a will, so
there is nothing to write—I never have
made a will, so there is nothing to re
voke. My name is George Bernard of
New Bedford, Captain of a fruit
schooner owned by a firm in Baltimore.
You will find all the papers here," tap
ping his breast pocket. "I own eight
thousand dollars, one-half of which I
give and bequeath to Miss Clarissa
Barrington, of Virginia."

"No, no, I cried; "no, no."

He stopped me with a quiet motion
of the hand.

"On condition that she educate and
brings up my little daughter Fanny,
who has the rest of my property. Will
that hold good in law, sir?"

"Sign it and it will, sir," said the
justice, who, as the dying man spoke
out slowly and in gasps, had written it
down.

"I cannot. My right arm is gone.
But I can make my mark. So, George
Bernard—remember. Do you accept,
Miss Clarissa?—Will you be Fanny's
mother. The old people up in Maine
will not grudge her to you."

Solemnly, with streaming eyes, I
promised him. They brought me wa
ter in a hat. I tried to pray beside
him.

A country doctor had been sent for,
in all haste, and now arrived.

"Nothing," he said, "could; have
been done to save him."

He turned to Joe. But at this mo
ment a last sigh broke from the lips
of my poor Fanny's father. Again he
pressed my hand. I saw his lips shape
"thank," and all was over. They bore
him gently up the bank slung in the
large Scotch shawl. I turned to Joe's
dead body, as I thought, but there
was life in him.

"He got that blow," said one of the
men around him, "trying to save the
other."

However, it proved to be not nearly
so serious as the doctor thought it
would be, and what was very satisfac
tory, the doctor, after proposing to
take him to his house, offered me shel
ter and protection there too. He
thought, I believe, I was the widow
of the dead man. I contrived to make
his wife understand (I stretched the
truth a little point, you will perceive)
that I was engaged to the living one.

Poor Captain Bernard was buried
near the place where he was killed, in
a neat little country churchyard.

Little Fanny calls me "mum-mum
ma," and has improved under good
nursing. Her mother's friends gave
their consent to my guardianship. I
am afraid they thought I was some
wandering woman he fell in with on
the railroad.

I stayed with Joe till he was well
enough to be moved, and then we
went to Baltimore.

What my friends said when I came
back with little Fanny in my arms,
my circumstances all changed, and
without having been to the Centen
nial, I leave you to imagine, especially
when I announced that I should be mar
ried in a month. However, my charac
ter as a very staid old maid—a "set
tled woman"—was so established that
nobody thought any harm of anything
that happened to me. I am sure no
one who has known me for the last
sixteen years will believe I ever flir
ted in my life. I am heartily sorry I ever

did, now that it is all over. But Joe
says it was quite natural, "all girls
love to flirt a bit," that "all's well that
ends well," that it was better for the
poor captain in the end, and last not
least, that anything I did could not
have been properly called "flirting" af
ter all.

A HORRIBLE ACCIDENT ON THE VAL LEY RAILROAD.

A Deaf and Dumb Woman and Her
Deaf and Dumb Daughter Killed
Instantaneously by a Loco
motive.

THE MOTHER THROWN DOWN A HIGH EM
BANKMENT, AND THE GIRL TOSSED INTO
THE AIR HIGHER THAN THE SMOKE STACK
OF THE ENGINE—WALKING UPON THE
RAILROAD TRACK AND UNABLE TO HEAR
THE WARNING SIGNALS—THE REMAINS
TAKEN TO AVON, WHERE THEY ARE RE
CEIVED BY THE DEAF AND DUMB HUS
BAND AND FATHER—ONE OF THE SUB
STANTIAL CASES IN THE HISTORY OF RAIL
ROAD ACCIDENTS.

[From the Rochester Democrat, April 15, 1879.]

One of the most singular accidents
in the chronicles of railroad disasters
occurred yesterday on the Valley road
near Avon, and the case appeals more
strongly to the sympathies of the
fact that the victims were mother and
child, and both deaf-mutes. They were
poor people, living at Avon, the wife
and daughter of Patrick McLaughlin,
a day laborer, who curiously enough is
also deaf and dumb. Yesterday morn
ing Mrs. McLaughlin and her daugh
ter, Katie, who was about ten years of
age, went to a friend's house two miles
south of the village for a visit, and in
the afternoon they started to return.
The shorter route was along the rail
road track, but how they could have
selected it,

KNOWING THEIR INFIRMITY
and the dangers to which it subjected
them, must ever remain a mystery.
Select it they did, however, and noth
ing more was seen or heard of them
until just before the catastrophe. Ex
press train 17 on the Erie road is due
at Avon a few minutes after 5 o'clock
in the afternoon, and yesterday it was
speeding along on time at the usual
rate of about thirty miles an hour,
when turning a short curve a mile and
a half south of Avon, Engineer May
nard saw a woman and little girl walk
ing on the track just ahead of him,
their backs to the engine. The whis
tle was promptly sounded and the bell
rung, but they paid no attention, and
then for the first time suspecting that
something was wrong, the engineer
reversed his engine and applied the air
brakes. But the distance was too
short. Just before they were struck,
the doomed pair must have felt the
jarring of the track, for they turned
their heads to look backward and at
that instant the ponderous engine was
upon them.

THE LOOK OF AWFUL TERROR
upon the two faces in that second of
time, the engineer and fireman will not
forget for many a long year to come.
The woman was hurled directly from
the track down an embankment about
ten feet high while the child was
thrown from the pilot into the air
above the smoke stack of the engine,
and fell upon her back at the side of
the road, where she was found, with
eyes wide open, and only a little blood
about the mouth to tell the violence of
her death. Strange as it may seem,
when the train was stopped and the
passengers ran to the scene of the ac
cident, both bodies were found to be
free from mutilation. Mrs. McLaugh
lin was found at the foot of the em
bankment, where she had fallen, her
face slightly bruised from contact with
the gravel, and the child laid a few
feet above her. It was evident that
with the terrible blow, death came in
stantaneously to both, and with the
half glance they had of the approach
ing engine, as they turned their heads,
they passed painlessly from one world
to another.

With all possible care Conductor
Henry May had the remains taken in
to the baggage car, and conveyed to
Avon, and as they drew into the sta
tion, Patrick McLaughlin, who was
waiting for his wife and daughter, was
for the first time made aware of his
loss. It is said by those who witness
ed the scene, that his expressions of
grief were fearful to contemplate.
Unable to speak, and for the moment
unable to understand the details of the
calamity, he could only gaze upon the
corpses of his dead wife and child and
make those

STARTLING SOUNDS PECULIAR TO MUTES
when they are intensely agitated. At
last he was led away by sympathizing
friends, and the bodies were taken to
the village in care of Coroner Graves.
That no blame can attach itself to the
engineer, or any one besides the unfor
tunate victims, must be seen at a
glance. Everything possible was done
to warn them, but the short bend in
the road, and their inability to hear,
made the result inevitable. No one
can regret the accident more than Mr.
Maynard, and in relating the details
last night, he could not control his
voice. It is a distressing affair through
out, and one not soon to be forgotten.

CONTRACT BETWEEN GALLAUDET AND CLERC, 1816.

[From the Annals for April.]

[The original contract between Dr.
Gallaudet and Mr. Clerc, entered into
at the time the latter accepted Dr.
Gallaudet's invitation to come to
America as a teacher in the American
Asylum, has recently come to our
notice. As a matter of so much import
ance as this, relating to the early his
tory of deaf-mute instruction in this
country, is and must always be of in
terest, we publish it entire in the An
nals. The original is written in French,
on stamped paper.—ED. ANNALS.]

The undersigned, Thomas H. Gallau
det, a citizen of the United States of
America, of the first part, and Laurent
Clerc, professor in the Royal Institution
for Deaf-Mutes, situated at Paris,
where he resides, of the second part,
do make the following contract:

ARTICLE 1. Mr. Clerc engages to
take up his residence during the space
of three years, to date from the day of
his arrival at Hartford, in the Institu
tion for Deaf-Mutes which Mr. Gallau
det proposes to establish in the United
States of America.

ART. 2. Under the direction of the
head of the Institution, Mr. Clerc shall
be employed in the instruction of deaf
mutes for six hours of each day except
Saturday, on which day the time shall
be but for three hours. He shall be en
tirely at liberty on Sundays and on holi
days, and he shall have, moreover, six
weeks of vacation annually. All these
exceptions shall be made without any
deduction in the pecuniary compensa
tion below specified.

ART. 3. He shall be present and as
sist at all the public lectures, as well
at Hartford as in other cities of the
United States, always being under the
direction of the head of the Institution;
and, in case of removal, every expense
whatever to which the change may
give rise is to be at Mr. Gallaudet's
charge without appeal.

ART. 4. Mr. Clerc shall have no con
nection with any other establishment,
and shall give no instruction or public
lectures, (this stipulation not conflict
ing with that contained in Art. 5.) ex
cept under the direction of Mr. Gallau
det. This restriction shall remain in
force only for the duration of three
years; which limit having expired, Mr.
Clerc shall no longer be bound by
these engagements, and shall have the
right, according to his own judgment
and wherever he shall desire it, to con
tinue the work of deaf-mute instruc
tion, publicly or privately, under his
own direction or in any other manner;
this being a particular and indispen
sable condition of the present agree
ment.

ART. 5. Mr. Clerc shall have the
privilege of giving private lessons, in
his own room or in the town, during
the hours that he is not occupied with
his class.

ART. 6. Mr. Gallaudet pledges him
self to defray all Mr. Clerc's traveling
expenses from Paris to Hartford, viz.,
for food, lodging, washing, and trans
portation for himself and his effects,
by land or water; and this to the same
extent and in the same manner as Mr.
Gallaudet's own expenses.

ART. 7. From the day of his arrival
in Hartford, Mr. Clerc shall be given
apartments near the Institution until
further arrangements are made. He
shall take his meals at the table of
Mr. Gallaudet; and shall also have
provision made for his washing, fires,
lights, and attendance.

ART. 8. In consideration of the en
gagements above stipulated, Mr. Gal
laudet promises and binds himself to
pay to Mr. Clerc at Hartford, as his
salary, two thousand five hundred
francs (argent de France) in quarterly
installments; the first quarter to date
from the day of his arrival in Hartford.

ART. 9. At the expiration of three
years, if Mr. Clerc desires to return
to France, Mr. Gallaudet shall pay to
him before his departure, to indemnify
him for the expense of going back, the
sum of one thousand five hundred
francs, in addition to what has already
been promised.

ART. 10. It is agreed, moreover, that
in case Mr. Clerc is obliged, by cir
cumstances beyond his own control,
to leave America, and in consequence
to give up the work of instruction
there, these articles of agreement are
to be considered void and of no effect.
But Mr. Clerc shall still have a legal
right—1st, to the indemnity of fifteen
hundred francs above stipulated, even
though the period of three years shall
not have expired; 2d, to the promised
compensation at the rate of twenty-five
hundred francs per year for whatever
time may have already elapsed.

ART. 11. Mr. Clerc shall endeavor
to give his pupils a knowledge of
grammar, language, arithmetic, the
globe, geography, history; of the Old
Testament as contained in the Bible,
and the New Testament, including the
life of Jesus Christ, the Acts of the
Apostles, the Epistles of St. Paul, St.
John, St. Peter, and St. Jude. He is
not to be called upon to teach anything
contrary to the Roman Catholic reli
gion which he professes, and in which
faith he desires to live and die.* Mr.

Gallaudet, as head of the Institution,
will take charge of all matters of re
ligious teaching which may not be in
accordance with this faith.

To these presents bear witness
Messrs. Jean Conrad Hottinguer, bank
er, No. 20 Rue du Sentier, Paris, and
Sampson Vryling Stoddard Wilder, an
American merchant, now in Paris, No.
1 Rue du Sentier; who, after having
acquainted themselves with the arti
cles of agreement above stipulated,
have voluntarily declared that they
each and jointly constitute themselves
sureties of Mr. Gallaudet on account
of his engagements to Mr. Clerc as
stated in the above contract; and in
case of failure by Mr. Gallaudet to
fulfill them punctually, they pledge
thems

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, APRIL 24, 1879.

HENRY C. KIDDER, Editor and Proprietor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS: One copy, one year, \$1.50. Clubs of ten, 1.25. If not paid within six months, 2.00. These prices are invariable. Remit by post-office money order, or by registered letter. Terms, cash in advance.

CONTRIBUTIONS. All communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in communications.

Contributions, Subscriptions and Business Letters to be sent to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

Rates of advertising made known upon application.

Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

BOND AIRING HIS OPINIONS.

In the last number of the *Leader* Editor Bond assails in a vehement manner Rev. Dr. Gallaudet and Dr. I. L. Peet, members of the building fund committee of the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes. Mr. Bond expresses his views very freely in regard to the disposition of those funds, and intimates strongly that those two gentlemen are "feathering their own nests" out of the building fund, in other words that Dr. Gallaudet and Dr. Peet are self-interested in the handling of the funds, and that for what they are doing for the Home they are largely paid from the funds belonging to it. He finds a great deal of fault because a portion of the funds are loaned to St. Ann's Church, which he says is heavily mortgaged, and he has doubts as to the church being able to pay the debt when the loaned funds are needed for investment in permanent Home property.

The attack of Mr. Bond upon the aforesaid gentlemen reminds us very much of the bristling and snapping of a whiffet puppy at a full-grown mastiff. With those two gentlemen we have been intimately acquainted for many years, and nothing that Mr. Bond can say derogatory to their principles, or any of his imputations of wrong in their actions, can in the least shake our faith in the integrity of their motives in regard to the proper handling of the Home fund. They are also too well known friends of the deaf and dumb, and too well appreciated by the public, to suffer from dirty slurs cast upon them by Mr. Bond. Rev. Dr. Gallaudet is the originator of the plan of erecting a Home for aged and infirm deaf-mutes, but for him probably there would never be a building fund of the kind referred to, and it is hardly to be supposed that he would be likely to use its money recklessly or deposit it in an unsafe place. From the interest always taken in the deaf and dumb by Rev. Dr. Gallaudet and Dr. Peet, no one need fear that the funds will be handled by them in any but a wise and conscientious manner. Dr. Gallaudet, in particular, is one of the greatest of philanthropists in the cause of deaf-mutes, is ever alive to their welfare, and frequently aids the poor among them by the bestowal upon them of pecuniary assistance, and is often the means of helping to employment those who are out of work and in destitute circumstances.

Mr. Bond seems to make it one of his special duties to place false constructions upon the good motives of those two gentlemen, and to wage violent opposition to the management of the affairs of the Home.

In the opinion of all fair-minded observers of the matter, there is but little doubt that Dr. Gallaudet is capable of caring for the affairs of the Home, and that he will do so to the satisfaction of all who are truly friends of the Home there is no cause for doubt, the opinion of Mr. Bond to the contrary notwithstanding. The Home fund is in no danger of being squandered.

LECTURE AND CHURCH SERVICES.

Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, D. D., expects to lecture before the Troy Deaf-Mute Club Saturday evening, April 26th, and to hold quarterly service for deaf-mutes in St. Paul's Church, Albany, at 2:30 p. m. Sunday, the 27th inst.

DEATH OF A FORMER PUPIL OF THE AMERICAN ASYLUM.

CEDAR SPRING, S. C., April 10, 1879.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I feel it to be my duty to ask you to inform the old schoolmates and friends of Mr. Caleb Hoyle, who was one of the former pupils of the American Asylum, through your excellent paper, that he departed this life on the 29th ult.

His remains were interred at Hoyleville, Gaston county, N. C. He was well known to be an industrious, useful, and kind-hearted gentleman. He lived in Charlotte, N. C., for several years. He was a bachelor, aged sixty-nine years. Respectfully,
J. M. HIGGINS.

The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column; mark items so sent: *The Itemizer*.

ALL well at the Tennessee Institution. CARRIE Melahn, who works at needle-work, lives at Champaign City, Ill.

THERE are now 148 pupils at the Wisconsin Institution, and their health is good.

THE Tennessee Institution is pleasantly located in the heart of the city of Knoxville.

MILTON W. Carr, graduate of the Illinois Institution, is working on the Sparta (Ill.) Plain-dealer.

AN exchange says, there are thirty deaf-mutes in Knoxville, Tenn., and they all belong to the anti-profanity society.

ILLNESS of their mother lately called to their home Fred, Willie, and Ellen Cooke, pupils of the Wisconsin Institution.

S. P. Spencer, of Cleveland, O., has been appointed foreman of the *Mute's Chronicle* office, in place of Mr. A. B. Laurens.

SOME time ago Peter White, father of four former pupils of the Wisconsin Institution, was crushed to death by a train of cars.

PRESIDENT Gallaudet, of the National Deaf-Mute College, has received another addition to his family in the shape of a fine girl.

It is rumored that three children of a Pennsylvania deaf-mute man lately became heirs, by the death of their great-aunt, to a fortune of \$18,000.

THE many friends of George W. Harrison, of Iowa, will be glad to hear that he has moved to Kansas, rented a farm, and is doing better than he did in Iowa.

JAMES MOORE and Martha Green, formerly pupils of the Tennessee Institution, were recently married at the residence of the bride's parents, Simpson Mills, White county, Tenn.

ALVA Jeffords, who has been at the National Deaf-Mute College for two years and expects to return to it next fall, lately called at the Illinois Institution while on his way home.

JOHN Brooks, our Toronto correspondent, who works in the office of the *Toronto National*, has lately been very busy on account of a two weeks absence of the editor of that paper.

At the National Deaf-Mute College the Christian Students' Weekly Prayer Meeting has been and is still making gradual progress in good Christian work. It has at present nine regular members.

JOHN Thompson, pupil of the Illinois Institution, who has been visiting his sick grandmother, has returned to school. The old lady, 73 years old, is improving. She is said to be the oldest woman in McHenry county, Ill.

THE *Mute's Chronicle* says its entire gross income for the year ending November 15th, 1878, was \$25.46, which information it volunteers for the benefit of any one contemplating the publication of a deaf-mute newspaper.

THE Rev. Edward H. Krans, of New York, is the associate rector of St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, whose object is to look after the interests of its hearing congregations. His wife and her mother and aunt, as well as himself, are much interested in deaf-mutes.

ON the 4th inst. the National Deaf-Mute College Literary Society held a regular meeting in the Lyceum, and at the spring election the following were elected officers: President, L. Goodman, of '80; Vice-President, Lars Larson, of '82; Secretary, R. Long, of '81; Treasurer, R. Zeigler, of '82; Critic, H. White, of '80.

IT is talked at the National Deaf-Mute College that there is to be a Young Men's Christian Association established in two weeks. This association will send one delegate to Baltimore, in which city there is to be a convention of the delegates from the Young Men's Christian Associations between the 21st and the 25th proximo.

"*Is He Chosen?*"—A. B. Laurens, foreman of the Ohio Chronicle, contributes an original poem on "The Old Homestead" to the columns of that paper. Judging from the poem, we think Mr. Laurens is a versatile and pleasing writer, and could, if he chose, make the *Chronicle* a very readable paper. Let him try the experiment, by all means.—*Kansas Star*.

"R. H.'s" article, "Madam Jerome Bonaparte," is respectfully declined, owing to our having, in last week's paper, already published a similar article, and we do not think it profitable to repeat what is substantially the same. The writer will please accept our thanks, but excuse us from using the MS. We hope, however, to receive many other communications from "R. H." for publication, as the writer is a very valuable contributor.

THEODORE A. Froelich says: In the "Itemizer" of the 27th of March I find an article on the election of officers of the Manhattan Literary Association. In it the writer states that the refusal of Mr. Fitzgerald and myself to hold any office seems to intimate our intention to withdraw from the association. As regards myself, and in behalf of Mr. Fitzgerald, I can say that we do not withdraw, but that increasing years prevents Mr. Fitzgerald, and close application to business, myself from taking upon ourselves additional labor.

"Yonks Hartford" wants to know why, that while the Ohio, Wisconsin, New York and other institutions have decided upon holding a convention, Hartford, the mother of them all, has taken no step in that direction. Have the sons and daughters of Old Hartford come to forget to whom they owe the priceless blessings of an education? Where are those enterprising spirits that used to animate the conventions of the New England Gallaudet Association? Come, let us no longer to the noble old institution which has done so much for us, and keep her name ever green in our memory.

Harper's Monthly for April contains a very charming love story of two deaf-mutes, who eventually married each other. There is a rival in the case—a hearing young lady, beautiful, rich and talented, to whom the hero was engaged to be married before he met his future bride and before he became deaf. The match was broken off, however, and the result is as stated. The title of this story is "Cor Cordium," i. e., "Heart of Hearts." The only fault which we could find with it was the occurrence of the word "asylum."

It is so strange that people in higher walks of literature should be so ignorant of the difference of meaning between an "institution" and an "asylum."

Mr. Anton Greif, late of this city, now living at Big Spring, in Meade county, Ky., is becoming famous. A correspondent of the Meade county Record, writing from Big Spring, to that paper, among other things says: "We have in our town one of the most ingenious men to be found anywhere—Mr. Anton Greif, of Paducah, Mr. G. is a mute; he married Miss Mary Robinson last April; (she is also a mute). He is a trunk manufacturer by trade. He is jeweler, a tinner, and repairs sewing machines. He recently made a clock, and now in passing along the street the town clock tells you the correct time of day. Who would have thought it? Big Spring has a town clock."—*Paducah, (Ky.) Paper*.

SEVERAL of the inmates of the Western New York Institution are suffering from severe colds.

A private letter from Mr. E. M. Gray, M. D., informs us that Professor Job Turner died at the home of that lady, April 19th, in Cincinnati, O.

S. H. Coleman, formerly a teacher at the Virginia Institution, and for the last ten years principal of a flourishing academy in Maryland, lately visited his old home.

THE pupils of the Virginia Institution had a holiday on the Monday succeeding Easter Sunday. The day being fine and warm, their recreation was very much enjoyed.

MISS Grace Gallaudet, a daughter of Dr. Edward Gallaudet, of Washington, who is attending the High School, has taken the first prize for scholarship in her class.—*Daily News*.

THE press work of the April number of the *Valley Farmer* was done at the Goodson (Staunton, Va.) Gazette office. The proprietor of that monthly pronounced the work excellent. Good for the *Gazette* hands.

THE chapel in the asylum was very handsomely decorated with flowers yesterday (Easter Sunday) by some of the lady teachers, and Mr. Bartlett preached a very interesting sermon in the forenoon upon the resurrection.—*Daily News*, April 14th.

UNLESS the officers of the Manhattan Deaf-Mute Literary Association of New York look out sharp the "devil" of the *Brooklyn Bondism*, who evidently has it in his mind, will make an attempt to get the control of its treasury and use its funds, in order to keep his *Bondism* on its legs.

THE deaf-mutes of the village and town of Mexico, N. Y., met at the house of the editor of the *Journal* Saturday evening, April 19th, and enjoyed a general good time. One of the attractive features of the evening was the pleasure of "sugaring off," followed by a silent feast of warm maple sugar, which was provided for the occasion.

FRANK D. Cole, a deaf-mute and an apprentice in the *Times* office, with only eighteen months' experience, recently set 14,000 ems, led by Bourgeois, news measure, in just ten hours, and won a new hat by the operation. If any neighboring office can produce a boy who will compete with Frank, he'll try and do better next time. The *Citizen* office at Rome is bragging over a fast type, now in his second year, but so far as heard from he hasn't matched the *Times* yet.—*Waterville, N. Y., Times*.

A committee of the Texas legislature, appointed to investigate the affairs of the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb at Austin, has reported a string of charges against the Principal, Gen. H. E. McCulloch. They look serious, but we know too little of the matter to express an opinion further than that. We may say this, however, that the moment a superintendent of a public institution begins to work into positions therein members of his own family, no matter how well qualified he may think them or they may really be, that moment he is laying the foundation of trouble for himself.—*Goodson Gazette*.

WE are indebted to Principal W. J. Palmer for a copy of the eighth annual report of the Ontario (Belleville, Ont.) Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, for the fiscal year ending September 30th, 1878. The number of pupils was 277, an increase of 6 over the preceding year, of which 166 were males and 111 females. Four pupils died during the spring of 1878. Sixty boys were employed in the carpenter, cabinet, and shoe shops. The female pupils are employed out of school hours in plan and fancy sewing and knitting. They also aid in the dining-room at washing dishes, arranging the tables, etc. The intellectual progress of the pupils was considered good.

ACTING Principal James H. Logan has favored us with a copy of the second annual report of the Western Pennsylvania Institution, for the year ending September 30th, 1878. One male and five female instructors are employed. Twenty-seven pupils were received during the school year ending June 27th, 1878, of whom 45 were boys and 32 girls, all of whom came from 13 counties. Thirty-one were new pupils and 46 re-admissions. The average attendance was 63, being an increase of 70 per cent. over the preceding year. The library contained about 40 volumes, and has probably increased considerably by this time. The system of instruction at this institution appears to be liberal and thorough, and it is quite probable that, although now in its infancy, it will, in a few years, rank high among the deaf and dumb educational institutions of this country.

MAINE LEGISLATION IN RELATION TO THE EDUCATION OF DEAF-MUTES.

Chapter 110.

AN ACT concerning the Education of Deaf-Mutes. Be it enacted, etc., as follows:

SECT. 1. The governor, with the approval of the council, is hereby authorized to send and receive persons as he may deem fit subjects for instruction at the expense of the State to the American Asylum at Hartford, or to the Portland School for the Deaf at Portland, as the parents or guardian may designate in their written application for aid.

SECT. 2. The governor is hereby authorized to draw his warrant for such sums as shall be necessary for the instruction and support of such pupils as may be sent to said institutions, respectively, pursuant to the provisions of the preceding section, the same not to exceed one hundred and seventy-five dollars per year for each pupil.

SECT. 3. The following blank forms shall be used in all applications: 18

To His Excellency, the Governor of the State of Maine:

I, _____ of the town of _____ and State of Maine, respectfully represent to your Excellency that my _____ aged _____ years, is deaf, and cannot be properly educated in the public schools of this State; and that I am unable, in addition to my other necessary expenditures, to defray the expense attending _____ instruction and support. I therefore respectfully request that your Excellency will send _____ either to the American Asylum at Hartford, or the Portland School for the Deaf at Portland, Maine.

Signed: _____ M. D.

Questions to be answered by the parent or guardian: 1. Name of child. 2. Residence. 3. Birthplace of parents. 4. Were they deaf and dumb? 5. Have they other children deaf and dumb? 6. Name of child. 7. Birthplace of child. 8. Was the child ever deaf and dumb? 9. Has the child ever spoken? 10. If it has when was hearing lost? 11. What was the cause? 12. Has the child ever been to school? 13. How much has the child been taught? 14. Is it preferred to have the child sent to the American Asylum at Hartford, or the Portland School for the Deaf at Portland, Maine? 15. Is the child mentally weak? 16. Does the child now speak? If so, how many words? 17. Remarks.

[Approved February 20, 1879.]

Chew Jackson's Best Sweet Navy Tobacco. 41-ly.

Local Paragraphs.

Very beautiful spring-like weather.

Mr. Meeker, of Camden, was in town last week.

Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Huntington will go to New York this evening.

Dr. Johnson, brother of Dr. G. P. Johnson, spent last Sunday in town.

Merchants' trade has improved considerably during the past few weeks.

Mrs. Luzerne Wilcox was dangerously sick last week, but is now better.

Farmers are feeling uneasy on account of the late opening of spring weather.

James Driggs is having the outside of his residence re-painted by John and Fred Pettitt.

Frank Johnson had a hard chill one day last week, and has improved very little, if any, during the past few days.

A little child belonging to Mr. and Mrs. Byron Miller, living two miles east of here, died of pneumonia last week.

Apples are becoming quite a scarcity, owing to their having rotted badly, notwithstanding the immense crop of last year.

George Slack, of Prattville, is sick with typhoid pneumonia. We understand that his recovery is considered doubtful.

John Gray has returned home, after several months' absence. We understand that he has been in Canada during his absence.

Three of Andrew Johnson's children are sick with chicken-pox. Mr. Johnson has also recently been sick, but is able to be in his office again.

Mr. Daniel Holmes has been very low during the past few days, and we regret to learn that there are but slight hopes entertained for his recovery.

During the latter part of last week and the first of this our streets have been drying out very fast, excepting where the snow prevents the process.

The stage scenery lately procured for Washington Hall is an article of great convenience on many occasions, and it is said, was purchased at a good bargain.

Butter commands such a low price that the larger portion of farmers in this locality are having their milk manufactured into cheese, thinking it is more profitable than butter making.

Business with our house carpenters, masons, and painters is growing better. It is expected that there will be quite a large amount of building and repairing and reconstruction of old buildings during the present season.

Rev. W. H. Reade, of Washington, D. C., delivered a temperance address, before a full house, in the Presbyterian Church last Sunday evening, a union temperance meeting being held. In the morning of that day he spoke in the Baptist Church.

Mr. and Mrs. David Menter, a very aged couple, were taken to the courthouse one day last week. They were old and well-known residents of this locality, had been industrious, hard-working people, and much sympathy is expressed for them.

Manufacturers of maple sugar near here think the sugar season is nearly if not quite over, and some have housed their buckets. The sap run has been a long and good one this spring, and considerable sugar has been made in this town.

We understand that during some part of last week an attempt was made by some unknown person or persons to burn the Gustin shops. The fire was discovered before it had made much progress, saving the destruction of a large amount of property.

Rev. Mr. Lewis, of Watertown, officiated at Grace Church last Sunday morning and evening. Mr. Lewis is to preach once a month, and other divines on intervening Sundays, until the first of next September, when he will come here to remain as permanent rector of that church.

Among some of the appointments at the recent session of the Northern New York Conference, held at Lowville, are the following: Rev. W. F. Hemenway, Mexico (third year); Rev. S. P. Gray, Lowellville; Rev. W. R. Cobb, Camden. Rev. A. L. York will continue to reside here for the present.

Commissioner Spooner a few days ago made quite an improvement in the road on the big hill in the east part of the corporation by having a portion of the immense snow drift removed, thus making a better channel for the wagon track. It will be a long time yet before the great bank of snow there will entirely melt away.

Captain D. Boyd, now of the Mexico Hotel, has purchased the Empire House, which he will thoroughly renovate and put in good order for a first-class hotel. Captain Boyd will remove to the Empire House on the first of May, and will be better than ever before prepared to entertain his old patrons and the general traveling public. The name of the Empire House is to be changed to "Boyd's Hotel."

Rev. W. H. Albright, who is well and favorably known to many of our citizens, and who has officiated on several occasions at the Presbyterian Church of this village, has accepted a call from the Second Presbyterian Church of Auburn and is to be ordained and installed on the 6th of next June. The call is regarded a very flattering one for a young man fresh from a theological school, the church having a membership of nearly four hundred, but Mr. Albright's heart is in his work, and he is doubtless qualified for the position.

"WHAT'S IN A NAME."

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I hear that it is much talked of in Washington city of changing the name of the National Deaf-Mute College to either that of Gallaudet or Kendall College. The *Companion* thinks the present name is the most proper. It is proper, of course, as the college is a national one, but I believe that every person that has to write the name *National Deaf-Mute College*, in his letters or elsewhere, thinks it is a nuisance; and it is a nuisance, and many persons are so tired of it that they seldom ever write more than National College, for deaf-mutes love brevity.

If a change is made at all I hope it will be made in favor of Rev. Thomas H. Gallaudet, to whom the deaf-mutes of the nation have more to be grateful than to any other person. To call the National College "Gallaudet College" will be "giving honor to whom honor is due," and I believe that all deaf-mutes who are acquainted with the life and works of that truly great and good man will not hesitate a moment to adopt that name for the college.

The name of Thomas H. Gallaudet is among those of the greatest philanthropists, and not only every deaf-mute in the Union, but the blind, the insane, all prisoners, and all the children of our public schools owe him gratitude. Rev. T. H. Gallaudet worked not for the deaf-mutes of Connecticut alone, but for those of all the States, and, therefore, if a change is to be made at all in the name of the college, would it not be most proper to name it after him?

I do not favor the name Kendall College because it would be "giving honor to whom honor is not due." Besides, Amos Kendall did nothing towards founding the National Deaf-Mute College. While I have great regard for the memory of this good man, and desire to give his name all the credit due it, yet I do not think it right to name a college whose existence he never dreamed of after him.

Mr. Kendall never fostered the idea of a college for deaf-mutes. All he did was to donate two acres of land and pay about \$8,000 for the erection of what is now the academic department for the benefit of deaf-mutes of the District of Columbia. The ground on which the college proper now stands and all of that back of it was not donated by him, but was purchased from his son-in-law by Congress. So it is easily seen that Mr. Kendall did nothing to deserve the honor some deaf-mutes would bestow upon his name. I hope that all deaf-mutes, as well as all others interested, will see to it that the name of Gallaudet is chosen for our college.

C. MEIERICK RICE.
Newport, Ky., April 17, 1879.

ASHAMED TO SIGN HIS NAME.

HARTFORD, CONN., April 19, 1879.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I regretted to see an article in your last paper reflecting upon the efficient management of the Boston Deaf-Mute Society by one who has not the courage to sign his full name to what he has written. Why? Because he knows that he is wrong, and cannot substantiate his statements.

I was present at the time mentioned, and the remarks I made I considered quite necessary for certain parties, and, judging from the remarks made at the close, I feel quite certain that "almost all" do not agree with "More Anon" as he is pleased to say. In regard to Mr. Tillingshast's conduct, "More Anon" fails to give him or the other members of the committee any credit for what they have done in the past, and had it not been for Mr. Tillingshast's efforts the society would not have been treated to an exhibition of Palestine, the following Wednesday evening, which was much enjoyed. In writing this article I merely wish to give "Honor to whom honor is due," and that is to the committee, who, I think, have done the best they could under all the circumstances. Respectfully yours,
WILLIAM H. WEEKS.

Dare not Sign His Name.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I see by your paper that, after a long pause, Boston is again having one of its revolutionary fits. "More Anon's" statement is false. He knows that "almost all" don't think as he does, and he don't dare to sign his name to what he writes. We don't find any fault with our committee; it is hard work to suit everybody and then get no thanks. There are several of the old Nassau Hall and John Hancock members who frequent the hall and insist on talking in service, finding fault, etc., and "More Anon" is one of them, I am sure.

A Table.

For those who use the Book of Common Prayer.

APRIL 27th, 1879.

MORNING SERVICE.

The Psalter for the 27th day of the month, or Selection.

1st Lesson—Hosea xiii.

2d Lesson—Acts ix.

Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the second Sunday after Easter.

EVENING SERVICE.

The Psalter for the 27th day of the month, or Selection.

1st Lesson—Hosea xiv.

2d Lesson—Colossians i.

Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the second Sunday after Easter.

Your health is your capital. Take good care of it then and ward off attacks of disease by the occasional use of Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy.

Natural Sympathy for the Deaf-Mutes.

EDGECOMB, Me., April 14, 1879.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—While visiting at the house of a friend, who is a subscriber of your valuable paper, I saw some of your late papers and was much interested in them. Although not exactly a mute, I am somewhat related to them, being very hard of hearing.

I was born in New Sharon, Franklin county, Me. I lost my father in the army when I was two and one-half years old. My mother married again when I was six years old, and moved to this town (Edgcomb). I am acquainted with quite a number of mutes in this (Lincoln) county, viz.: Elmer Paul, of Bristol, who is a smart young man of about my own age (18 years), and has scarcely any education; Miss Mabel Harding and Miss S. J. Harrington, of North Edgcomb; Mr. Fischer, of the *Herald and Record*; and Messrs. Hammond and Ludwig, pupils at Hartford, Conn.

I am a newspaper correspondent, writing for the *Lincoln County News*, published at Waldoboro, Me., where there are quite a number of deaf-mutes. Your correspondents "Rambler" and "Down Easter" are intimate friends of mine. I have spent many a pleasant hour conversing with them; for, be it known that they are semi-mutes and very intelligent young men.

"Rambler" has led a wandering life, and can tell many an interesting story of life in the woods and along the coast, for he was formerly in the employ of the Union Wrecking Company, and has spent years of service along the coast from Maine to the Bahamas. But, broken down in health, he returned in 1873, and has spent most of the time since on a farm. He says that if he was to live his life over again he would be a farmer, for, if the gains are not so great, the contentment of a humble life amidst nature more than repays him in health for the loss of the extra money he can earn at his profession. I would advise you to get him to write out some of his adventures for the *JOURNAL*, for he can tell a story well if you can get him started, and what he says may be relied on as true; but he says he don't like to repeat them to strangers for fear they would suspect him of bragging, yet I think he would if required. "Rambler" boasts of being the homeliest man in the county, and with some truth, but he has got brains enough to counterbalance his ugliness.

Miss Mabel Harding, whom I have referred to before, a bright little semimute, will enter Hartford next September, through the efforts of the secretary of the Deaf-Mute Christian Association. Mr. Fischer, the secretary of the society, is doing a good work in finding out uneducated mutes and inducing their parents to send them to school. There are other uneducated mutes in this county who ought to be sent to school, and you will probably be notified if they enter school by some of your correspondents in this vicinity. But I have written enough for once, and I will bring my notes to a close.

Yours truly,
L. W. SMELLEDGE.

"WHISPERING" AT LECTURES AND IN MEETINGS JUSTLY REBUKED.

HARTFORD, CONN., April 19, 1879.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I noticed in the *JOURNAL*, of a late date, some grumbling over a piece of wholesome advice given to the deaf-mutes of Boston, in Boylston Hall, by Mr. Tillingshast, on the 23d of March, after the morning service. Well, it was to this effect—to remove all disturbances in the hall.

Talking is the pervading element wherever deaf-mutes assemble for some object in view. Conversation may be indulged in when they meet, for a while, but when they are called to order, all talking should be laid aside for the time being and attention paid to the lecturer. Else some misunderstanding on the part of the audience may occur and the effect, without the connecting link, may prove unpleasant and engender hard feelings. Besides, the lecture could not be comprehended.

In all meetings when the speaker motions order it must be understood that attention is required, as the facts are drawn out, link after link, in the long chain, and if one or more links be snapped asunder the chain is broken, and it will be of no service until linked together again. Every one who is called upon to lecture knows this, and confesses that all talking during the delivery of a lecture is a nuisance unbearable. As he labors to make the delivery clear and interesting, he having set his whole soul to the task, talking dampens his earnestness, the remainder of the lecture becomes less and less interesting, and at last it is taken like a bitter pill.

Those who assemble for divine worship must remember that "God is a spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth." Moses, when he beheld the burning bush, was bidden to take off his sandals. The priests when they entered the sanctuary appeared in clean linen, and incense was burnt as the high priest approached the altar; the congregation, as they entered the outer temple, bowed

Correspondence.

[Although our columns are open for the publication of the opinions of all, we do not identify ourselves with, or hold ourselves responsible for those expressed by any of our correspondents.]

IN THEIR WESTERN HOME.

NEBRASKA CITY, Neb., April 10, 1879.
EDITOR JOURNAL:—I know that many of your readers who have read my farwell sermon, published in your paper of last March, in which I said I was coming to this place, now feel more anxious to know where, how, and what I am doing than they did when I was at Clarendon Hills, one of the suburbs of Chicago, because I am far away in the West from them.

Well, I will gladly say that we left Clarendon Hills the last week of March last. We reached here Friday, March 28th, and were pleased with the climate and to find the spring several weeks in advance of the season in Northern Illinois. I have noticed many fruit trees here—pear, peach, apple, etc., and am told that they grow very fine peaches here, and that this county (Otoe) is the best county in the State for fruit growing. So much as an improvement in our former home. We like the climate, and find it fine, dry and healthy.

The city is beautifully situated on the Missouri River, a stream with strong current and muddy water, and navigable some parts of the year. There are many pretty hills and cliffs and an abundance of trees, giving it quite a romantic look.

We have been having heavy spring rains, with considerable thunder and lightning, but the earth dries quickly. We are told of lakes, near by, where is good fishing, and we are thinking of having a little fishing excursion. If so you will hear from us again, with an account of our rambles and the luck we have.

The principal street, Main street, runs the length of the town down to the river, and, according to appearances, Nebraska City is a brisk, growing town. In the center of the town is the Court-House, a good, substantial brick building, on quite an elevation, and surrounded by beautiful grounds. About a mile from our house is the blind asylum. We shall try to visit it when we have more leisure. We hope to be well suited here, and if so, to make it our future home. Just now my brother's distillery is not running because of the low price of highwines and alcohol. When prices rise, and it resumes, then I shall hope for a situation. I shall find something else, for there must be much work in such a growing State as Nebraska. We found a resident mute here—Charles L. Minor by name—intelligent and respectable, a graduate from the Missouri and Nebraska Institutions. We see him often, and are very glad to have some one to welcome us and make it seem home-like.

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet and Rev. A. W. Mann are to be at Council Bluffs and Omaha, about 50 miles from here, about the middle of May. We hope to go there.

Our health is still good. The weekly visit of your excellent paper will always cheer me up while I am many miles from my Eastern friends.

Yours sincerely,
E. P. HOLMES.

FAVORABLE OUTLOOK OF THE CHURCH MISSION TO DEAF-MUTES.

DEAR JOURNAL:—I enclose another communication from Dr. Gallaudet to *The Churchman*, which you may find interesting enough to publish. It is somewhat of an epitome of the sixth annual report of *The Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes* for the readers of that widely known church paper.

The work of the above-named organization is becoming better known among churchmen. Its need begins to be well understood. By means of special services, at different points, and communications through the religious and secular press, we have been able to impart much information in relation to it. But, as your readers will understand, it takes some time to make the information as general as it should be. During the series of special services to be conducted, God willing, during the month of May, by Dr. Gallaudet and the writer, at the places named in the list sent you a few days ago, it is hoped still more information will be disseminated regarding the providential and timely enterprise of faith.

There are more than 8,000 of our people in the eleven western Dioceses now served by the writer. Of this number he reaches directly upwards of 1,000, and at least twice that number indirectly. At the beginning of the present labors, in 1875, the number of communicants among them was not much more than fifteen. Now it is almost eighty, and will be largely increased by expected confirmations.

In all the time—not yet four years—the number of baptisms has reached 82, divided thus: infant, 39; adult, 43. The number of confirmations is at least 60.

It will be seen that only a small portion of the 8,000 are now reached by the church's ministrations. Certainly, with the present small force of missionaries, clerical and lay, it is not possible for *The Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes* to carry out to the fullest extent its plans. It is content to do the best it can with its present help. In good time, with God's favor, it proposes to reach all with the Gospel message in a familiar language. Judging from the progress of the few short years past, good warrant is found for the feeling that not a very long period must elapse before services in the sign-language shall be held regularly every Sunday in each of the principal cities, and the smaller cities served with greater frequency than now.

A. W. MANN.
24 Williams street, Cleveland, O., April 12, 1879.

NOTES FROM PROF. JOB TURNER.

STAUNTON, Va., April 14, 1879.
MY DEAR MR. RIDER:—I cannot leave Staunton without giving you a history of the Virginia Institution for the Education of the Deaf and Dumb and the Blind, in the deaf-mute department of which I was a teacher for more than one-third of a century.

This institution was established in 1839. Interest in the cause of deaf-mute and blind education was brought about by repeated exhibitions, given the previous year, by deaf-mute pupils from the New York Institution, under Professor Barnard, now President of Columbia University, New York, and by blind pupils from the Boston Blind Institution, under the late Dr. Howe, by whose wonderful skill Laura Bridgman, the deaf-mute blind girl, was brought to the light of knowledge that she now enjoys.

These exhibitions were held in the capital, at Richmond, in the presence of the legislature, then in session, and awakened so great a feeling of sympathy for their privations, of astonishment, and admiration for their attainments, and of ardent desire that the claims of their companions in affliction in Virginia might be at length acknowledged and provided for, that a bill establishing an institution for the deaf and dumb and the blind was acted upon and passed. It was the first institution which ever combined deaf-mute and blind departments.

The following gentlemen were appointed members of the first Board of Visitors for the Virginia Institution: Rev. W. S. Plumer, D. D., of Richmond; Hon. James McDowell, of Rockbridge; Robert Gray, Esq., of Rockingham; Hon. Alexander H. H. Stuart, Nicholas C. Kinney, Esq., James Points, Esq., and Dr. Francis T. Stribling, of Staunton; all of whom are dead except Rev. Dr. Plumer and Mr. Stuart.

Rev. Dr. Plumer is an aged and greatly beloved divine in the Presbyterian Church, at present in charge of the Columbia (S. C.) Theological Seminary.

Hon. Alexander H. H. Stuart is one of the most prominent statesmen of Virginia. He has represented his district in Congress, and has been a number of times sent to the Legislature. He was a member of President Fillmore's Cabinet.

Hon. James McDowell, a gentleman of dignified and stately bearing, a man of noble impulses and great integrity, was once Governor of Virginia.

Dr. Stribling was a man of sterling worth, great benevolence, and almost unlimited influence. He died several years ago while in charge of the Western Lunatic Asylum of Virginia, with which he had, I believe, been connected since its establishment.

Mr. Points, a prominent and much respected citizen, was United States Marshall for the Western District of Virginia for a number of years.

Messrs. Gray and Kinney were highly esteemed and valuable citizens.

The Visitors of this Institution held their first meeting at this place, May 6th, 1839.

The Board was organized by the election of Alex. H. H. Stuart, Esq., as President, and Nicholas C. Kinney, Esq., as Secretary, but nothing else of consequence was done at this meeting, at which meeting a number of sites were offered to the Board, but the selection was postponed until a subsequent meeting. Among the sites was a beautiful eminence owned by Alex. H. H. Stuart, who, with a most praiseworthy liberality, tendered the situation, comprising eight acres of land. At a subsequent meeting of the Board, the present site was selected, which, in great part, was donated by Mr. James Bell, a wealthy farmer, now deceased. The position of Principal was tendered to Mr. Harvey P. Poet, the Principal of the New York Institution, who declined the honor, which was afterwards given to Rev. Joseph D. Tyler, who formally accepted, and through whose instrumentality I was appointed a teacher November 22d, 1839.

After the death of Mr. Tyler, who was principal of the deaf-mute department, the deaf-mute and blind departments were consolidated, and Dr. I. C. M. Merillat, principal of the blind department, was chosen sole Principal. The Dr. resigned during the war, and Mr. I. C. Covell supplied his place until he was succeeded by Captain C. D. McCoy, the present incumbent.

The deaf-mute school opened January 1st, 1840, with only two pupils, a boy and a girl, now deceased, who were placed under my tuition. The pupils then occupied an old house, which stands in a principal part of this city, until the spacious and beautiful buildings were ready for use, and which now contain about ninety pupils in the deaf-mute department.

During my connection with the institution between three and four hundred pupils received instruction within its walls, and many of them have been well fitted for society.

Among the most prominent pupils may be mentioned the following: Robert M. Foley, my first pupil, a young man of great promise, who entered school rather advanced in years, it might have been in other cases, to receive instruction. However, his age interfered but little with his scholastic progress, which was wonderful and rapid. His friends, in home signs, kept him well posted concerning a knowledge of the world, and in that manner expanded his mind and laid a good foundation upon which to lay an education. He was the first pupil to die in the institution. He was buried in Trinity Church yard, over whose grave the authorities of the institution placed a neat tombstone.

John Stover, an estimable graduate, left the institution to receive and retain the great esteem and affection of

a large circle of friends. By honest toil, and exposure he contracted painful rheumatism, which, for a number of years, rendered him helpless. Still, during all his confinement, he was patient and happy, showing a spirit of deep piety. Death at last claimed him, a rich jewel for the galaxy of saints above,—a bright example for deaf-mutes as well as others.

Miss Susan W. Harwood was a bright and progressive pupil. She was selected as a teacher, which position she held with credit, alike to herself and the institution, until near the close of the war, when she resigned, and now resides in Princeton, Dallas county, Ark.

Joseph and Robert Cochran, brothers, were unusually bright pupils, and could give interesting accounts of their earlier years. They were once taught by an impostor, who for two years passed himself off for a deaf-mute; but at last, indulging too freely in strong drink, he so far forgot his self-imposed deaf-mutism as to use vocal speech. So mortified was he that he immediately, and without notice, left for parts unknown,—an unnecessary step, which was regretted by those whom he had benefited.

Daniel M. Albright, a native of North Carolina, came to us a very bright pupil, and at the completion of his education, in 1845, assisted Mr. W. D. Cooke in establishing the North Carolina Institution.

Emily E. Franklin and a sister were pleasant and bright pupils. On one occasion, after their return home to live, they frightened a traveller, who had stopped at their father's tavern, so greatly that he immediately started from the table, ordered his horse, and left, instead of stopping all night, because he believed that there was something suspicious about the young ladies.

Prof. Thomas H. Tillinghast came to us, accompanied by his grandmother, from North Carolina. After his graduation he became a teacher in the North Carolina Institution, which position he holds now, with great credit, beloved by all who know him.

Prof. Holdridge Chidister, after having received the regular course of instruction, was the first pupil in the Virginia Institution to receive an appointment as a teacher, which position he retained until the beginning of the war. Afterwards he received an appointment to the West Virginia Institution, with which he is now honorably connected. While he was a pupil his deaf-mute sister, uneducated, was killed by the falling of a tree while she was standing in the yard near her residence.

Joseph R. Ridings, a deaf-mute of great ingenuity, received a competent education. Some time after he had graduated—he went to Santa Fe, N. M., as a shoemaker, accompanying the United States army. While in that place he met three deaf and dumb men, who told him that they were Roman Catholics. He made some remarks derogatory to their religious belief, an uncautious undertaking, which so enraged them that they would probably have stoned him to death, but for the interference of two United States soldiers, who took him under their protection.

Prof. William M. Berkeley, a graduate of, and now a teacher in, this institution, is descended from Governor Berkeley, who was sent by the British Government to govern Virginia. The neat typography of the *Goodson Gazette* is the result of his skill and efficiency.

William C. Bumgardner is now an energetic and successful man of business. He is a prosperous cattle-broker. Isaac N. Chidister, brother of Professor Chidister, a graduate, enjoys the reputation of being a very skillful carpenter. He constructs buildings with accuracy according to plans and specifications.

Prof. Henry A. Bear, is an intelligent graduate of, and now a useful teacher in, this institution. During the war his father's well-filled barn was threatened with burning by the Union army. He courageously went through armed hosts and besought the commanding general for protection, and that his barn should not be included in the general order to destroy barns. The general, Powell, kindly gave him a guard, which received instructions to prevent the destruction of his property. His brother Charles, also a graduate, was an accomplished artist and an expert angler, resembling Mr. George Kent, of Amherst, N. H., in his traits. He died very suddenly a few years ago, greatly regretted by a large number of admiring relatives and friends.

Decatur B. Bear, another brother, a graduate, now lives in an adjoining county. He is a genial and hospitable farmer.

Sketches of others, equally as prominent, might be given, but, as time presses heavily upon me, I am compelled to desist, hoping that omission of the names of others will not be regarded as intentional slights.

After a most pleasant visit to Professor Bear and his accomplished lady, where I have had opportunity to see my sons, I leave to fill appointments in the South-west and the South. The sympathy and prayers of my friends are asked in my behalf for the success of the mission work assigned me. Wishing you and all my friends well,
Yours sincerely,
JOB TURNER.

CHARLESTON, W. Va., April 16, 1879.
MY DEAR MR. RIDER:—After a very pleasant visit of about a month, I bade good-bye to Staunton yesterday afternoon, and stopped over at this place early this morning to hold a service to-night. I had not been here since 1848, since which year a great change has taken place. The Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad passes through this

place, and is becoming one of the most important thoroughfares in the United States. There are twenty tunnels on the railroad between Richmond and Huntington, the distance being 421 miles.

After leaving Staunton I passed in full sight of Elliot's Knob, the highest peak in Virginia. Bears, panthers, &c., are sometimes seen there.

The Greenbrier White Sulphur Springs are to the South what Saratoga is to the North. This celebrated watering-place is resorted to, during the summer, by invalids and pleasure-seekers from different parts of the United States and Europe.

We stopped at Alderson for supper. There I was glad to meet Mr. Willie A. Hancock, my old pupil, who told me that he was assisting his father, the depot master, in copying freight bills, &c., which is good employment for deaf-mutes.

We sped on our way within seven miles of the Hawks' Nest, which is worth visiting, it being a massive cliff of rugged stone, hanging over the gulley, about one thousand feet from summit to base. If you were to stand upon the verge of this precipice you would become dizzy, and fall into the abyss like lead. Some years ago a newly married couple from Cincinnati visited the Hawk's Nest on a bridal tour. While standing upon its verge an overpowering dizziness seized upon them, and they both fell and were instantly crushed to death. A short distance from the Nest is the Lover's Leap, a large rock projecting over a cliff, about five hundred feet high. Long ago a gentleman fell in love with a lady, and wished to marry her, but her parents were opposed. She was so much discouraged that she determined to put an end to her life. So she leaped over the cliff, and was instantly killed. Her lover jumped to save her, but alas! he lost his life. It was love which made him forget his own life.

A gentleman and I went to see a deaf-mute girl about 6 years old, named Lillian Walts, and were much amused by her funny home signs. I found her one of the smartest deaf-mute girls of her age that I ever met with. She will make a fine pupil.

Mr. Bains, I believe, superintendent of the public schools of Charleston, invited me to visit the schools, which I did with pleasure.

O' that I could tell you many more things about this noble State, but, as time requires me to retire, I must stop writing, except to say that there has been a pleasant service to-night, the church being very well filled in spite of the inclement weather. I go to Maysville, Ky., in the morning.

Yours sincerely,
JOB TURNER.

OUR TORONTO LETTER.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I understand that Mr. P. F. Caniff, who had charge of the farm at the deaf and dumb institution at Belleville, Ont., since its opening, has been appointed to take charge of the farm at the London, Ont., Lunatic Asylum, consisting of over 800 acres. The many friends of Mr. Caniff, while congratulating him upon his deserved promotion, will regret his departure from the county in which he has resided since his birth. He will carry with him the best wishes of a large circle of acquaintances and friends for his future prosperity.

Ambrose Hill, a deaf-mute, who sought shelter at the Central Police Station, Hamilton, Ont., on the 2d inst., had on his person, among other property, a loaded revolver. His excuse for carrying the weapon was that when sixteen years of age he had been bitten by a dog, and ever since had been afraid of dogs. The revolver was confiscated and Hill liberated.

John Moore, a deaf-mute, is the happy father of a boy born on the 28th of last March.

Miss Marilla Wilcox, a deaf-mute lady, formerly of Flint, Mich., arrived in the "Queen City of the West" on Friday morning, the 11th inst., and is the guest of the writer. She is doing very well and enjoying herself very splendidly.

The subscribers of your estimable paper are much pleased with the *JOURNAL*, and its price is low so a good many mutes can take it.

William Hewitt, a deaf-mute, some forty years of age, was arraigned on a charge of stealing a fur cap and gloves from Wilson's Hotel, in this city, and on the 24th of February last, he was discharged, there being no evidence against him.

A few days ago William Hewitt was discharged from custody on a charge of drunkenness. He was up before the magistrate again, and, before he had entered the dock, he passed a slate, neatly bound in red tape, over to the magistrate, on which he had written a lengthy story of his woes. He was discharged on the 2d inst. on the plea that he was going right off to join the church, but he didn't do it, having got drunk instead. Upon the magistrate's remarking that he would let him go this time, Hewitt seized his slate, grasped his carpet bag firmly by the handle, and proceeded to discount the best amateur pedestrian of Gettysburg. A roar of laughter followed him, but he heeded it not. Is the said William Hewitt a relative of James H. Hewitt, of Onondaga, Ingham county? William Hewitt is unknown to Canada.
JOHN BROOKS.

Toronto, Can., April 14, 1879.

Fred Whitney, Frank Lambie, and Wiley Barker went to New York last Monday night. The former two have gone to purchase new goods for their store.

In heaven hands clasp forever.—*Greek Proverb.*

A FLORAL SURPRISE.

PRINCETON, N. J., April 17, 1879.

DEAR JOURNAL:—In being endowed with a soul and a mind capable of discriminating between good and evil mankind was not originally intended for a dull and monotonous existence. Moreover, most of us possess a keen susceptibility for enjoying such recreations as sport, wit, humor, and the like. The construction of our mental and physical systems is such that we are incapable of prolonged effort, and the desire for recreation innate in us, enable us to sojourn our fatigue and refresh our spirits for coming toil. Even though this recreation be indulged in during a season universally hallowed by certain religious observances, it is not incompatible with morality to reconcile amusement with duty. On the contrary, we are able to make it the means of more animated exertion; more faithful attachment, and more faithful piety. So, when pleasure is entered into during such a period, in a becoming spirit of decorum, we can enjoy it without being guilty of profanity, for true religion is both authoritative and benign, and, while exact in regard to keeping from evil, it allows that it is meet and just to commingle pleasure, in ordinary circumstances, with relaxation from toil.

The probability of the correctness of the above opinion was attested by the pleasant company of both sexes which assembled at the residence of Mrs. Barston, in Cumberland street, Brooklyn, on the evening of Wednesday, April 9th. Mrs. Barston is a lady who takes a warm interest in the deaf and dumb, and is, moreover, a lady highly esteemed among her acquaintances for her benevolence and purity of heart. As a manifestation of their esteem, arrangements were commenced about three weeks ago by her friends to tender her a floral surprise, and, through the skillful management of the committee which had been appointed, it was brought to an ultimate and successful termination. As will be seen from the title, the party was an extremely novel affair, and for the beauty and purity of conception it shed much credit upon its originators.

It is a truism that flowers are universally blessed by mankind. They are the handiwork of nature accompanying us through the various scenes of life. They are the chief ornament of the cradle; they grace the marriage altar, being a lovely type of marriage; and they enshrine the tomb, their perpetual return of beauty being a most perfect symbol of the resurrection.

The reception room, in which the guests assembled, was decorated in magnificent simplicity, which was a most perfect manifestation of ideal loveliness. The walls were festooned with flowers and evergreens, intertwined with the national flag, and brilliantly illuminated, while the atmosphere was fragrant with the perfume of the numerous bouquets brought by the guests.

The committee of arrangements met the company as they arrived, and everything was made ready for the arrival of Mrs. B., who had gone out to visit some neighbors. Just as matters were settled to the satisfaction of all, Mrs. B. was announced, and entered the parlors to find them crowded with friends. A glance sufficed to show her the condition of affairs, and, coming forward, she greeted all with earnest cordiality and graceful self-possession. A grand march was then performed by musicians, and, to the evening strains, the company, in couples, made the circuit of the room, each presenting Mrs. B., as they passed her, with a floral tribute. The collection of flowers filled a large basket and consisted of all kinds, some of them being rare and costly, and were only excelled by the beauty and grace of the young ladies present, who, in their rich costumes, presented a magnificent sight to the observer. When Mrs. B. had thanked her friends, the musicians again tuned their instruments, and the party were soon in the mazy whirl of the waltz, polka, etc., which were kept up till supper was announced. After this intermission, dancing was resumed and continued till 4 A. M., when the last dance on the programme had been gone through, and the guests departed for their homes.

The success of this party was marvellous, and was brought through so successfully by the perfect attention to details, as also the splendid arrangement of dancing and the excellent music furnished. The affair will long be remembered by those who formed the party.
JOEL SLOCOM.

NATIONAL DEAF-MUTE COLLEGE NOTES.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 16, 1879.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Our Easter holidays were spoiled by the unpropitious state of the weather, and we did not have much of a vacation as far as sight-seeing was concerned.

But there were some of the students who carried out their plans of pleasure in defiance of the elements. Fair weather or foul, they were determined that all their talking and all their planning should not come to naught for a few drops of water. Two of them went to view the battle field of Gettysburg, a *la mode* Bayard Taylor. On their return, we shall be entertained with a thrilling account of accidents by blood and field and of the sublime grandeur of little hills, magnified by their exalted imaginations into mountains, down which they fell either by dizziness of head or heels—which? Four others made a pilgrimage to the shrine of the Father of His Country at Mount Vernon. When they came back they were ready to sing "Rock me to sleep, mother" and "I am a weary" Whenever one of our students have died, by drowning or otherwise, it has almost always happened

during the Easter days. It was during the Easter holidays two years ago that Mr. Branner came to his untimely end, at the Little Falls of the Potomac, and the same fate happened to Mr. Dargan, at Norfolk, last year. Therefore the absent ones were anxiously talked about. Those who returned safe and sound from distant excursions were generally welcomed with congratulations, and the first question the returning ones asked upon their arrival was "Any one dead?" We are happy to say that no such dreaded catastrophe came to mar our enjoyment and to cast a gloom over the college. To while away the time that would otherwise have hung too heavily upon us, a new paper, quarto sized, was written and put into circulation among the students by J. M. Koehler, of the advanced preparatory department. The paper was called the *College Record*, and was devoted to local news and general information, as its heading said. It was a model of its kind, having short editorials, personals, advertisements, and everything that goes to make up a first-class newspaper. J. N. Hammer, of the freshman class, was the "funny man" of the little sheet, and he made it sparkle with *bon mots* from his active brains.

A lecture was delivered in the Lyceum by Professor Draper, who took for his subject "The Daily Life of the Romans." What added interest and lent a charm to the lecture were his illustrations in drawings. A better subject could not have been chosen, as we were quite interested in learning how the people of the city that held the proud title of the "Mistress of the World" lived,—how they conducted themselves, how they died and were buried,—for the character of a nation is largely moulded by the circumstances in which it lives. We no longer wondered why cities rose and fell, while the "Eternal City" lived on, when we learned that the people were hardy, temperate, and warlike, almost to a fault. It was when enervated by luxury and success that Rome fell. We were strongly reminded of the close analogy of the fate of Rome to that of Sparta, which was invincible the three hundred years during which the wise and temperate laws of Lycurgus were obeyed, but fell when those laws were disregarded. Thus many things can be said both for and against civilization, which brings all manner of luxuries and extravagances as well as benefits in its train.

Early in this month we awoke to find that snow had been falling and the ground was covered to the depth of two or three inches, with a mantle of spotless white. One hour after sunrise, where, Oh where was the snow? Gone faster than it came. Snow would be a pleasant thing here if it could be induced to stay long enough to furnish us with sleigh rides or snow-balling. But as it melts soon after touching the ground, making the streets and pavements muddy, it is worse than useless. We can see no good for it here in Washington. If, as those who ought to know say, the snow serves a good purpose in protecting the tender grass from the rude blasts of winter, after the manner of an overcoat, its mission is sadly neglected in this part of the world.

Colonel Sawhill has suddenly developed himself at a first-rate story-teller and mimic. He has good powers of description, and these powers are largely aided by a pleasant expression of countenance, and by the long swing of his limbs, for he is a tall fellow, wanting only an inch or two to be a six-footer. We have often been convulsed with laughter at his graphic description of the "Song of the Ugly Maidens." He expresses himself in a manner so clear that, by a slight effort of the imagination, we could almost fancy ourselves seeing with our own eyes what he describes. Being possessed of an inventive mind, and quick to catch the humorous points of a subject, he keeps us in continual laughter by an imaginary account of the playing of each rustic of a country base-ball club. His descriptions come the nearest to acting that I have ever seen. Let him go on as he has begun, and when the time comes for parting, as it must come sooner or later in this short, fleeting life of ours, we will thank him for making time fly so quickly as well as pleasantly.

Here is an item from the *Mirror*: "Mr. L. D. Waite, of the County Clerk's office in Columbus, Ohio, is a graduate of the Ohio Inst., and the *Democrat*, of that city, says he is a kind of an encyclopedia of knowledge in literature, and one of the most accomplished of the clerical force in that office." The *Mirror* forgets to add that Mr. Waite is also a graduate of this college, having received from it the degree of B. P. He was famous while a student for his love of literature, and he could dash off a few lines of poetry upon occasions. The class of '77, in which he graduated, has turned out very well. Wilbur N. Sparrow, a member of that class, has a situation as teacher in the Columbia Institution, where he is laying the foundation of a good, efficient teacher. Professor Denison, the principal, speaks highly of his ability in that line. John E. Crane, another member, is at present turning his collegiate education to account in Hartford, and, from what I hear, he has rendered himself very useful to that institution. Keeping in view Mr. Waite's case, who will say that a collegiate education is of no value to deaf-mutes?

Dolus A. Simpson, to whose active exertions the day school at St. Louis owes its present existence, is a graduate of the class of '78. As a man, he is well read in literature and the sciences. As a teacher, he is well fitted, by a large share of natural ability

ties and by an intimate knowledge of the deaf and dumb, for the position which he now occupies. His school is rapidly increasing in the number of pupils, as the latest accounts speak of the number under his charge being twenty—a large number for so short a period as six months.

There is a story prevalent among the students that a young couple—lady and gentleman—came to our chapel on a tour of inspection, and they innocently asked one of the students whether the organ was situated in that part of the wall behind the pulpit. After having been answered in the negative, their eyes wandered around until they rested upon a door which leads out of the chapel and into the dining-room. They inquired, again, if that door did not lead to the choir above the pulpit; as if there was need of any music in a college for the deaf and dumb!

It has been intimated, in the columns of the *JOURNAL*, that John F. Donnelly, of Blackstone, Mass., was compelled to leave this college. No such thing has happened. He left, of his own free will, in order to obtain a good position in Fall River, and, in so doing, he did no more than any sensible man would have done in the same circumstances. It would be extremely unfair, not to say unjust, to judge the standing of an institution by such of its students as had strayed into this college without any previous training therefor. Gentlemen should be careful not to extend their resentment against institutions to individuals.

The pedestrian mania, which is only another name for "epizootic," has reached this college at last, though not in so great a degree that it has been found necessary to make laws preventing the students from "going as they please." That it is a mild form of epizootic is plain enough. It will disappear as suddenly as it came, and one will wonder "how people could be so foolish." The long avenue which winds past the main building, past the two professors' houses, and turns around, would make an admirable means of walking legs off, and it may not be long before there will be seen young Howells and O'Learys on their tramp, tramp, tramp. Some are doing it even now, and have been at it for a long time for the benefit of their health, or, as they express it "I am taking my constitutional." But the goal of the hopes and ambitions of the others is the championship of the college and a mention in the *JOURNAL*.

The boys of the primary department are, at this moment of writing, flying a monster kite. It is made of thin cloth, and measures 8 feet by 6. The twine necessary to hold it is nearly as thick as a boy's little finger, and its tension is so great that one of the youngsters was dragged off his feet for a few yards.

A reading club has been formed among the students, under the name of the *Rho Kappa*. The credit of starting it belongs to J. A. Prince, of the senior class.

President Gallaudet's daughters have returned from Hartford, where they have been attending school. They were welcomed home with a waving of hats and handkerchiefs. A vacation of one month has been granted to them. Upon their arrival, they received a telegram from their classmates congratulating one of them upon having won the first prize in a class of eighty or more persons, and she a new pupil, too. Talent runs in the family, I suppose.

Our kind matron, Miss Pratt, has been confined to her bed by illness for a few days, but I am glad to report that she is in a fair way to recover. It is our sincere hope that she will be spared to us for many years to come. She was cheered, no doubt, by the sight of her brother, Lewellyn Pratt, formerly a member of our faculty and now a professor in William's College. Notwithstanding the fact that he has not been called upon to exercise his knowledge of the sign-language during the long interval since he left this college, he uses signs with the ease of a born deaf-mute; slowly it is true, but gracefully. He delivered a few impressive remarks to the pupils at chapel service. "Neither a faculty alone nor books alone," he said, "makes a college. Students, together with a faculty and books, are what make a college, and it rests upon the students to prove to the world that deaf-mutes are worthy of the advantages offered to them."

J. N. Hammer, of '82, has been a constant visitor of Miss Burnett, the authoress, while she was in Washington. That accounts for his literary tastes.

This April weather is worse than that of blustering March. Scarcely a day passes without showers. How we wish the month was over, for however pleasant April showers may be in poetry, they are not so agreeable in stern life. They are treacherous, too, for sometimes the day dawns with the sun shining in all his glory, to use a poetical phrase, but before noon is reached a regular pouring rain comes down, and before you know it you are wet through and through. One cannot be sure whether it will rain or shine the next hour. It sometimes rains while the sky is serene and clear and while the sun is shining. We, who used to laugh at those Englishmen who carry their umbrellas with them in whatever land they find themselves, imagining that every country is like their foggy old England, now laugh on the other side of our mouths.

STUDENT.

Rev. M. M. Parkhurst, of Chicago, arrived here this (Tuesday) morning from New York, and is spending a couple of days with his parents. His family has gone on a visit to Scotland.

